MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

Trigan Empire

The great city of Trigan, capital of the Trigan Empire, had been at peace for many years, but its peace and prosperity were always the envy of two men — themselves Trigans — who ruled the distant colony of Zabriz.

THE MOUNTAINOUS AND DESOLATE REGION IN WHICH THE CITY OF ZABRIZ WAS SITUATED LAY MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND LEAGUES FROM TRIGAN CITY, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF ELEKTON . . .

Break left and climb to twenty thousand . . .

THE PEOPLE OF ZABRIZ WERE SUBJECTS OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE, AND WERE RULED BY A COLONIAL GOVERNOR APPOINTED BY TRIGO . . . HIS NAME WAS AVARAN.

Laudis has our pilots well trained . . . they would be a match for any on the planet Elekton . . .

Aye, sir, that they would . . .

THE COUNTRY WAS RICH IN METAL ORE, AND THE ZABRIZIANS WERE SKILLED MINERS.

BETWEEN THEM, GOVERNOR AVARAN AND HIS MILITARY COMMANDER, CAPTAIN LAUDIS, HAD CHANGED THE BACKWARD COUNTRY INTO A WELL ORGANISED COMMUNITY . . .

How went the training session today, Captain Laudis?

Well enough, Avaran . . I think we are ready to discuss our plans for the future.

THEY HAD TRAINED A WELL-EQUIPPED, BUT SMALL ARMY AND AIR FORCE . . .

I will summon the Zabrizian council to a meeting within the hour . . .

Excellent . . . I think that you have them well-trained, too, Avaran.

THE ARROGANT YOUNG TRIGAN OFFICER WAS REFERRING TO THE FACT THAT THE ZABRIZIANS HAD NO LIKING FOR THE EMPEROR TRIGO . . . THEY CONSIDERED HIM A COLONIALIST WHO HAD BEEN EXPLOITING THEM . . .

And so, Councillors, we think it is time to arrange for a change in the leadership of the Trigan Empire.

Yes, the time is well past. For years we have been selling our metal ore to our Trigan masters for a price well below its true worth.

Well, you know that I and Captain Laudis are Trigans, but our loyalties are to the people of Zabriz whom we have come to love and respect. The Emperor Trigo by his meanness is denying you the riches you deserve.

AVARAN'S WORDS SERVED TO FAN THE FLAMES OF HATRED ALREADY BURNING IN THE HEARTS OF THE ZABRIZIANS – EVEN THOUGH THOSE WORDS MIGHT HAVE BEEN LIES.

Your words are true, Avaran. We are little more than slaves.

Yes . . . down with our oppressors . . .

Tell us your plan.

FOR THE NEXT 30 MINUTES THE TWO TRIGANS OUTLINED THEIR PLANS – OR AT LEAST, AS MUCH OF THEM AS THEY WANTED THE OTHERS TO KNOW . . .

Remember, my friends, success depends on careful timing. With your help we cannot fail.

You have our full support, Captain.

LATER, WHEN THE TWO CONSPIRATORS WERE ALONE.

Brilliant, my friend! When Trigo receives that he cannot fail to respond.

And when he does, we shall have taken our first step to the throne of the Trigan Empire.

Illustrated by Gerry Wood

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE Trigan Empire

The great city of Trigan, capital of the Empire, has been at peace for many years. But its peace and prosperity are envied by two men, themselves Trigans, Avaran and Laudis, the colonial rulers of the remote country of Zabris. They are plotting to overthrow Trigo and rule the Empire themselves . . .

AVARAN, AND CAPTAIN LAUDIS, PERSONALLY SUPERVISED THE SENDING OF THE MESSAGE TO EMPEROR TRIGO.

Trigan City is two hours behind us, so Trigo should receive our note early in the day.

TRIGO WAS ATTENDING THE EARLY MORNING SESSION OF HIS ELECTED COUNCIL WHEN THE MESSAGE FROM ZABRIZ REACHED HIM.

Ah, here is something that will relieve the tedium . . . it is from our Colonial Governor in Zabriz . . . he sends his most loyal greetings and begs us to make a state visit to the country.

Zabriz? It is a truly remote part of the empire, brother.

That may be so, Brag. All the more reason why it should receive a visit from the Emperor. The Zabrizians are loyal subjects, and it pleases me that they wish to see their Head of State. In any case, it is high time the Lady Ursa and I made a royal tour of the empire . . .

Beside, Brag here is more than able to run our capital city until I return. What say you, Peric?

I support the visit, my lord, but you must take a security guard and have them under the orders of your nephew, Janno.

AND SO, PREPARATIONS FOR THE ROYAL VISIT WENT AHEAD, AND A DAY OR SO LATER . . .

Take good care of him, Janno . . . and of our Empress.

Fear not, old friend. Where we are going we shall be welcome.

Illustrated by Gerry Wood

BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE THE KIND OF WELCOME THAT EITHER JANNO OR TRIGO EXPECTED.

They will be on the ground in a few minutes . . . now, Zelda, you know what you have to do.

Of course . . . if there is trouble the Lokan woman will be no match for me.

THE WOMAN, ZELDA, WAS THE WIFE OF AVARAN AND HERSELF A WOMAN OF ZABRIZ.

By the stars, Ursa, the Zabrizians have given us a truly royal reception.

Hail to the Emperor Trigo, and his lovely Empress.

Welcome to the loyal colony of Zabriz.

THE FORMAL SPEECHES OF WELCOME OVER, TRIGO WAS INVITED TO INSPECT THE GUARD OF HONOUR . . .

I must compliment you on a well disciplined force, Captain Laudis.

Thank you, Emperor . . . I have trained them like Trigans.

WHILE HE WAS DOING SO, ZELDA INVITED URSA TO ENTER THE CEREMONIAL HOVER CAR . . .

Let us go on ahead, my lady. Your husband will join you later. We women have no part in military parades.

We are your guests . . . and in your hands.

AND THEN, UNKNOWN TO TRIGO, THE SPEEDING VEHICLE LEFT THE AIRPORT . . .

And now, Trigo, we can relax at the Governor's Palace, where the women will be waiting.

BUT, AS IT NEARED THE ENTRANCE TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE CITY . . . URSA HAD A SUDDEN PREMONITION OF DANGER . . .

Where are we going? Why are we not entering the city through the main gate?

Do not worry, Empress. We have prepared special quarters for you!

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE Trigan Empire

A NEW TRIGAN ADVENTURE BEGINS THIS WEEK!

Deep in the distant galaxy of Yarna lies the planet Elektron, home of the mighty Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo . . .

Illustrated by Gerry Wood

OUTSIDE THE GATES OF TRIGAN CITY THE GUARDS WERE CLOSING THE GIANT DOORS AT THE END OF ANOTHER DAY, MAKING SURE NO STRAGGLERS REMAINED BEYOND THE SECURITY OF THE WALLS . . .

Ho there, fellow! Make haste unless you wish to spend a cold night beyond the walls!

SOME HOURS LATER, LONG AFTER THE TWIN SUNS OF ELEKTON HAD SLIPPED BELOW THE HORIZON, THE GUARDS MADE A PATROL OF THEIR SECTION OF THE CITY WALL . . .

I for one will be glad when the new guard comes to relieve us, Tolkar.

Aye, it is as much as one can do to keep awake these quiet nights.

THEN, AS THEY NEARED THE END OF THEIR WATCH OVER THE SLEEPING CITY, WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A PEAL OF DISTANT THUNDER REACHED THEIR EARS . . .

Thunder? Strange we should hear it, there is not a cloud to hide the stars.

Look! Over there, beyond the mountains . . . is it a sign from the Gods?

I think not, it is surely only a tiny piece of rock from some shattered world. I have heard old Peric speak of such things . . .

BUT WHAT THE TRIGAN GUARDS HAD SEEN WAS NEITHER A METEOR FROM THE VOID OF SPACE, NOR A SIGN OF WRATH FROM THE GODS . . .

IT WAS A MASSIVE SPACE-CRAFT FROM SOME ALIEN WORLD, AND IT WAS IN DESPERATE DIFFICULTIES . . .

ITS CREW, WHOEVER THEY WERE, WERE TRYING BY WHAT MEANS THEY HAD TO SLOW ITS HEADLONG RUSH TO DISASTER.

THEIR EFFORTS WERE ONLY PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL . . .

BACK IN TRIGAN CITY, THE SLIGHT EARTH TREMOR CAUSED BY ITS IMPACT WITH THE GROUND WENT UNNOTICED BY ALL EXCEPT THE GUARDS . . .

We have nothing to report, Sir, except some thunder from a storm in the mountains.

A storm severe enough to make the ground tremble, by the feel of it.

It is of no consequence . . .Take your posts!

THE WHOLE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN AS THE NORMAL PEACEFUL WORKADAY TASKS OF THE CITIZENS OF TRIGAN CITY CONTINUED . . . UNTIL ABOUT A WEEK HAD GONE BY . . . AND THEN, IN THE VALLEY MANY LEAGUES AWAY, A DOOR BEGAN TO GRIND OPEN . . .

. . . AND FROM IT EMERGED SOME TINY FIGURES. THEY WERE NO LARGER THAN A TRIGAN CHILD . . .

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE Trigan Empire

A strange spacecraft from another world has made a crash-landing in a remote part of Elekton. Out of it come aliens, all identical and scarcely larger than a Trigan child . . .

AS THE STRANGE LITTLE FIGURES WALKED FROM THE SPACECRAFT, ANOTHER DOOR IN THE HULL OF THE SHIP OPENED, AND POWERFUL MOTORS BEGAN TO HUM . . . THE ALIENS' LIPS DID NOT MOVE, BUT THOUGHTS AS CLEAR AS SPEECH PASSED BETWEEN THEM . . .

We must use the scout car to search the area . . .

I caught a glimpse of a great city some distance to the east.

WITH ITS CREW ABOARD, THE SCOUT CRAFT ROSE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY TOWARDS THE RIDGE OF THE VALLEY AND HEADED FOR TRIGAN CITY . . .

We must be cautious: our records show that some of the aliens on this planet are aggressive.

We will set down well short of the city and approach on foot.

A DAY OR SO LATER, NOT FAR FROM TRIGAN CITY . . .

We are ready. Remember, use your communicators when we are beyond thought range.

THE ALIENS SOON MINGLED WITH THE CROWDS OF TRIGAN CITIZENS IN THE CITY . . .

That is the person . . !

Yes, the scientist . . . but we cannot approach . . .

THE PRECINCTS OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE WERE ALWAYS UNDER SURVEILLANCE BY PICKED MEN OF THE TRIGAN IMPERIAL GUARD . . .

Hey . . .! You boys! What are you up to hanging around the palace?

Clear off! You know you are not allowed around here!

THE TINY ALIENS WERE SOON SWALLOWED UP BY THE CROWD, AND WERE NEXT SEEN IN THE MARKET DISTRICT THE FOLLOWING MORNING . . .

I have seen the female with the scientist . . . She is addressed as his daughter . . .

Very well. I know what to do . . .

IT WAS INDEED OLD PERIC'S DAUGHTER, SALVIA, WHO WAS SHOPPING IN THE MARKET . . . AND AS SHE TURNED TO LEAVE THE STALL . . .

What ails the lad?

He must be sick of some fever . . .

His face is like wax . . .

Illustrated by Gerry Wood

SALVIA, WHO HAD SOME SKILL IN MEDICAL ARTS, MOVED INTO THE CROWD . . .

Let me through . . . if the boy is sick I may be able to help him.

'Tis Salvia, old Peric's daughter! Let her aid the boy.

THERE WAS LITTLE SHE COULD DO OUT IN THE OPEN, AND SALVIA ORDERED THE BOY TO BE TAKEN INTO THE BACK OF A SHOP BORDERING THE MARKET . . .

He seems to be in a coma . . . Hurry, fetch some herbs, shopkeeper, so that I can make a potion.

I have a kind that will revive him in the shop. I will bring them.

G WOOD

WHILE THE SHOPKEEPER WAS OUT OF THE ROOM, SALVIA LISTENED FOR THE BOY'S HEARTBEAT, AND AS SHE DID SO . . .

That is strange . . . the beat is unlike any I have heard . . .

AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER . . .

Aaaaaah!

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE Trigan Empire

A damaged spacecraft has crash-landed on the planet Elekton, and from it several aliens have emerged. They all look identical, and communicate with each other by thinking. The aliens have made their way to Trigan City, where one of them has lured Peric's daughter, Salvia, into a shop. When the shopkeeper leaves to fetch some medicinal herbs, the alien attacks Salvia.

BEFORE THE SHOPKEEPER HAD TIME TO RETURN WITH THE HERBS . . .

Let go of me. What are you doing? Ahhhh!

SALVIA STRUGGLED VALIANTLY. . .

By the stars. He has the strength of a full-grown man.

. . . BUT TO NO AVAIL. THEN, AS SHE STRUGGLED SHE FOUND THAT THE ALIEN WAS ABLE TO TRANSMIT HIS THOUGHTS TO HER . . .

Keep quiet and no harm will come to you.

I must stop struggling. He wants me to keep quiet.

AT THAT MOMENT, THE SHOPKEEPER SUDDENLY RETURNED.

Why! You young scoundrel. I'll . . .

BUT HE BARELY HAD TIME TO GET THE WORDS OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

Uuugh!

WITH SALVIA IN HIS POWER, THE STRANGE BEING TOOK A SMALL RADIO TRANSMITTER FROM ITS POCKET AND BEGAN TAPPING OUT A SIGNAL.

What kind of creature is this? He seems to know what I am thinking. Yet he utters not a word.

I should tell you that I am the daughter of the greatest scientist on Elekton. If you do me any harm, it will be the worse for you.

WHETHER HE HEARD HER OR NOT, THE ALIEN GAVE NO SIGN. HIS TWO COMPANIONS JOINED HIM.

When darkness falls, we will take her to the east gate.

We will put the thought in her mind not to give us trouble.

Illustrated by Gerry Wood

AND SO, UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS, THE ALIENS HUSTLED SALVIA THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF THE CITY.

There are guards. One of you keep the woman with you. The other come with me. We will deal with them.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE TRIGAN SOLDIERS BARELY HAD TIME TO DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.

Aaaagh!

Young vandals! I'll . . .

ONE MANAGED TO STRIKE A GLANCING BLOW BEFORE HE WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.

Run for the shuttle craft before the alarm is raised.

AND AS SALVIA AND HER CAPTORS FLED A STRANGE JEWELLED COLLAR FELL TO THE GROUND.

FIDELIUS NEVER TIRED OF WALKING THE STALLS OF THE OPEN-AIR MARKET IN TRIGAN CITY, WHERE ALMOST ANYTHING COULD BE BOUGHT AT BARGAIN PRICES . . .

This man has good fruit, Salvia. We must buy from him.

Very well, Fidelius, but let it wait, for I see something which I think you should see — look! Over there, that helmet!

IT WAS THE SUNSHINE GLEAMING ON THE BURNISHED METAL THAT HAD CAUGHT THE EYE OF SALVIA . . .

Do you wish to buy, sir? Only five pieces of gold . . .

Have I not seen such a helmet before?

By the stars, that you have! It is one worn by the old élite guards of Tharv, like my own.

WHEN HE HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS ASTONISHMENT, FIDELIUS FELT A SUDDEN WAVE OF ANGER . . .

I might buy it, rogue, but first you must tell me how you came by it!

I . . . I . . . I know not, sir.

IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT SALVIA BECAME ANGRY . . . WITH HER BROTHER.

Go easy with the fellow. He may have bought the helmet from one of your three comrades who escaped with you from the Lokans.

I think not. No member of the élite guard of Tharv would ever part with what marked him above all others — so speak up, or I shall shake the truth out of you!

Unhand him, I say! You are not behaving in a manner expected of an élite Tharvian guard!

Very well, but he will hear more of this!

I must bee more careful . . . those twoo are from the royal household, I warrant . . . .

I gave him only three gold pieces – and those I shall take from him if he is not telling the truth!

FIDELIUS WENT AT ONCE TO CONSULT WITH HIS THREE THARVIAN COMRADES . . .

As you can see, Fidelius, we have all our helmets, including your own!

It is as I thought! This must belong to another of our comrades, but how did it come into the hands of that rascally trader?

BEFORE MAKING ANY FURTHER MOVE, FIDELIUS FELT IT BEST FIRST TO CONSULT WITH HIS FATHER, WISE OLD PERIC, NOW CHIEF SCIENTIFIC ADVISER TO THE EMPEROR TRIGO.

I know it is possible that some, or even many, of our fellow countrymen survived the holocaust of the Lokan invasion, yet one helmet is but slender evidence.

But if we could find more, what then?

Then we must consider the possibility that more of your comrades may be alive still, but I doubt they are living much better lives than as nomads in some distant part of the continent of Victria.

DESPITE HIS FATHER'S DOUBTS, FIDELIUS FELT HE HAD TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF THE HELMET, AND SO, THAT NIGHT . . .

Aye, we will keep him awake until he talks!

Salvia has found the address of the trader . . . perhaps we can arrange for him to have a sleepless night!

Fear will keep him awake when he sees the four of us!

WITH HIS THREE THARVIAN COMRADES, FIDELIUS LED THE WAY TO THE HOME OF THE TRADER ON WHOSE STALL HE HAD DISCOVERED THE HELMET.

If he does not open the door, Fidelius, we will do it for him!

All right, but quiet now.

THERE WAS NO NEED TO BREAK IN, BECAUSE THE TRADER WAS UP LATE COUNTING HIS TAKINGS FOR THE DAY . . .

By the stars! Who . . . who are you? What do you want with me?

Just a few words . . . and it would be more comfortable inside!

IT WAS UNCHARACTERISTIC OF FIDELIUS, WHO REALLY MEANT NO HARM TO THE MAN . . .

Now, fellow . . . as you can see we are all wearing the helmets of the Elite Guard, just like the one I paid you three pieces of gold for!

Yes . . . I see . . . but I told you, sir . . . I do not know where it came from! Please believe me . . .

BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO FRIGHTEN THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM . . .

Unfortunately, my friend, we do not believe you. We want the truth.

And we have all night to get it out of you . . .

Ahh! Yes . . . I've been thinking . . . I remember . . .

I got the helmet from some desert merchants . . . I buy many things from them . . . I paid them . . . I came by it honestly . . . it's the truth . . .

Very well . . . I'm glad for your sake that you have recovered your memory . . . now, when do these desert merchants next come to Trigan City?

In two days' time . . . you can meet them yourselves.

You can be sure of that!

TWO DAYS LATER, FIDELIUS AND HIS FRIENDS WERE WAITING WHEN THE MERCHANTS CAME INTO THE CITY WITH THEIR WARES FOR THE MARKET . . .

Helmets, you say? Aye, we may have a small number.

Are they of the kind you bring to a trader in the market?

AT THE MENTION OF THE TRADER'S NAME, THE ATTITUDE OF THE DESERT MERCHANTS SUDDENLY CHANGED . . .

Ho, there — Mullak, Sardar! Deal with these insolent Trigans!

We are coming, Sadeen.

What in the name of Helm, do you think you are doing?

AND FIDELIUS AND HIS COMRADES FOUND THEMSELVES FIGHTING DESPERATELY AGAINST MEN SKILLED IN THE ART OF SWORD-FIGHTING.

Are you mad — attacking Trigan citizens can mean life imprisonment!

Only if we are caught, Tharv!

AS SOON AS THE MAN CALLED SADEEN MENTIONED THE WORD THARV, FIDELIUS KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED . . .

The market trader . . . treacherous dog . . . he has been talking to them . . .

Ahhh! To my aid, comrades!

AND HE WAS RIGHT . . .

Kill them! Quickly . . .

FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMED AS IF FIDELIUS AND HIS FRIENDS WERE ABOUT TO BE OVERWHELMED BY THE FIERCE DESERT MERCHANTS...

Call for the guard! These men know how to wield a sword, and we shall be outnumbered!

Aye, but will they come in time?

FORTUNATELY FOR THE HARD-PRESSED THARVS, THE NOISE OF THE SWORD-FIGHT HAD ALREADY BEEN HEARD BY A NEARBY TRIGAN PATROL...

Some citizens are under attack!

Set heat-guns at quarter power!

WITH THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE PATROL, THE SITUATION QUICKLY CAME UNDER CONTROL...

What goes on here, citizen?

I am Fidelius, son of Peric... These villains set about us when we questioned them on a certain matter.

FIDELIUS QUICKLY EXPLAINED TO THE LEADER OF THE SECURITY PATROL WHAT THEIR SUSPICIONS WERE ABOUT THE DESERT MERCHANTS...

The matter you talk about is not my business, but as these men attacked you and your comrades they will be kept under arrest and charged with the crime!

Good... it will give me time to talk to my father, and to the Emperor!

NEXT DAY, FIDELIUS AND OLD PERIC HAD AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR TRIGO.

We have searched all their caravans, My Lord Trigo. We found no more Tharv helmets, yet I am not satisfied.

Nor I, more so because these merchants say they obtain their wares from the Phonic pirates...

Phonic pirates, eh? Hmmm . . . they roam the Sea of Azov, and my brother and I have good reason to remember of what they are capable . . . I think these merchants from the desert should remain with us a while until we learn more of their activities.

Many Tharn are now good citizens of the Trigan Empire, and if there are more who may need our help, we shall give it to them!

Thank you, Sire.

MEANWHILE, THE IMPRISONED MERCHANTS BEGAN TO FEEL ALARMED ABOUT WHAT PUNISHMENT THE TRIGANS MIGHT METE OUT TO THEM . . .

I have heard it said that these Trigans are ruthless with any people who break their laws . . .

It is true . . . and our crime was a serious one.

AND THEY BEGAN TO PLOT AN ESCAPE . . .

I think a little bribery might work with out gaoler . . .

Heh-heh, I have yet to meet the man who can resist one of the gems of Gallas! It is as well they did not search us thoroughly!

THE ONE CALLED MULLAK TOOK A DIAMOND THE SIZE OF AN EGG FROM A HIDDEN POCKET IN HIS ROBES . . .

We shall see! When he brings our food to the door, grab him!

This will tempt him with riches beyond his dreams . . . it is surely payment enough for a key . . .

AND SO, THAT EVENING . . . .

Ho there, merchants! Bread and water for your suppers . . .